

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

Every Wednesday—Fivepence

FOUNDED BY
ARTHUR MEE

Week Ending 20th April, 1963

LONDON'S NEW LANDMARK

The 580-foot radio tower now being built near Tottenham Court Road, London, for the GPO should be ready for its equipment by the late summer. It will carry aerials for black-and-white and colour TV and for radio-telephone services. For the latter it will be able to handle a quarter-of-a-million conversations at once.

A modern Tower of Babel!

This big new tower, looking down on London, has to be tall enough to avoid radio obstruction from any of the city's new, high buildings. And advantage has been taken of its

height to instal a public restaurant 520 feet above the pavement. So that customers can appreciate the fine view, the whole restaurant will make one complete revolution every half hour. It will be reached by two high-speed lifts.

The tower has to be rigid so that even the strongest winds will not tilt it more than a third of a degree from the vertical. Otherwise the transmission beams would be affected.

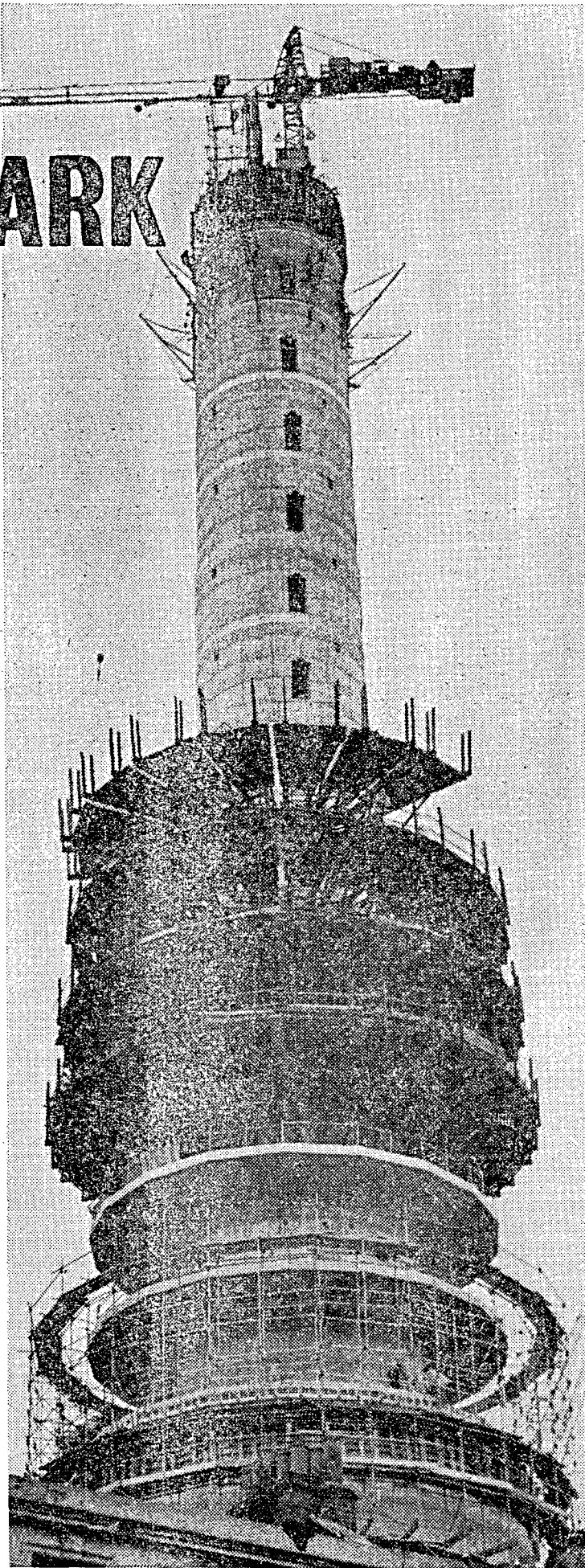
Swaying 15 inches

Although the round shape provides a streamlined effect, it is estimated that a 90 m.p.h. gust will cause the tower to sway 15 inches at the top. Besides this a vertical expansion of up to two inches from the heat of the sun has to be allowed for.

Wind tunnel tests on a scale-model showed what precautions must be taken when the tower itself was built.

A hollow concrete shaft, tapered from bottom to top, provides the backbone of the tower and also carries the lifts and service cables.

This new radio tower is another striking feature in London's changing skyline.



This tower can withstand a gale exerting a pressure of 200 tons!

MARINE IN THE MAKING

SIX-YEAR-OLD Paul Tarry of Saltdean, Brighton, has always wanted to be a marine, ever since he learned that his great-great-great grandfather fought in the Battle of Trafalgar. Although he hasn't joined up yet, he was



Paul Tarry 'on parade'

received the other day as an honoured guest at the marine depot in Deal.

It all came about when Paul wrote to the depot, asking them if they would be kind enough to let him have a "mareen" hat. The "hat" duly arrived, together with an invitation to visit the depot.

HE WAS FOUND —frozen stiff!

THERE is a new attraction at the Kharkov Zoo in Russia. Some time ago a polar bear there gave birth to a cub which was named Snowball. His mother nursed him in her den for six weeks; then something upset her, and she tossed the cub out into the snow.

When Snowball was found, he was frozen stiff and showed no signs of life. But artificial respiration, massage and hot-water bottles gradually brought him round.

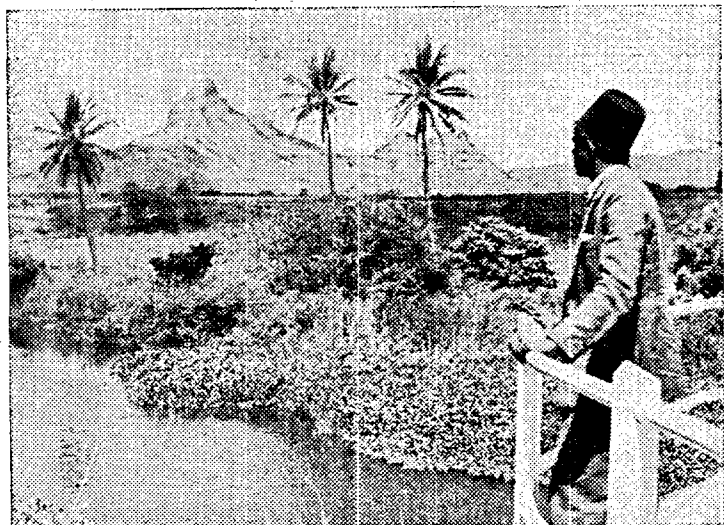
Snowball is now getting on fine, eating his porridge and drinking his milk, and rapidly gaining weight. His visitors have been confined so far to parties of schoolchildren, but next month he is to be put on view to the general public.



Snowball in the arms of a keeper at the Kharkov Zoo

Readers' Letters

A Call From Mauritius



By the river Tamarin in Mauritius

Dear Sir,—I am a constant reader of your paper, and I have been reading it since quite a long time in my college library. I should be much thankful to you if you could print this, as it's my first letter to you.

I am a boy of 16, and I want to correspond with pen-pals in Japan, Canada, Italy, Switzerland, and Czechoslovakia. My hobbies are reading, swimming, and stamp-collecting.

T. Dhunpath, Camp-Fouque-reaux, Floréal, Mauritius.

Wrong, John!

Dear Sir,—I am writing to say that John Rawlinson is wrong in saying that Kirkcaldy Museum Club is the only one of its kind in Britain (issue dated 23rd March).

Our Museum Club in Dundee has approximately 150 members. We have an art section and an archaeological section. We have lectures, slides, and films.

We also have a badge, on which is a penguin to represent the whalers which used to set out from Dundee, and an artist's palette to represent the art section. Our club has been established for seven years.

Iain Sturrock, Broughty Ferry, Dundee.

36 years on a motor-cycle

Dear Sir,—I am writing to tell you about my father's 1924 motor-cycle, which served him for 36 years, travelling up and down the Gower Peninsula, where I live. In addition, it also served him well during the 1939-45 war, when my father was a despatch rider around the Swansea docks area. On one occasion, he rode it over an unexploded incendiary bomb without coming to any harm.

The bike is a BSA 1924 round tank model, 249 cc. Unfortunately, it cannot be ridden now, as a new part, which it needs, can no longer be obtained.

Incidentally, you might also like to know that my family have been regular readers of CN since my grandfather began taking it many years ago.

Celia Luckham, Mumbles, Swansea.

Still More About Airships

Dear Sir,—I was interested to read the letter concerning airships from Charles A. Macdonald (issue dated 9th March).

He is not by any means the only person "passionately interested in all airships." Many of the people who were connected with airships still have a passionate interest in them. At Cardington, near Bedford, there are still two survivors of the R101 disaster in 1930. The four other survivors no longer live in the district.

Among the more famous airship enthusiasts are Lord Ventry and Lord Brabazon of Tara.

For the past four-and-a-half years I have been studying balloons and airships, and in the last three of them I have been preparing a book entitled "Airships and Balloons from Britain, America and Germany." The book has over one-hundred foolscap pages containing part of the history of famous balloons and airships, accompanied by about eighty drawings and photographs, some of which are 33 years old.

This hobby has led me to meet many new friends. A great personal friend of mine is one of the R101 survivors. Among the many things he has given me are numerous monthly American

magazines entitled "Wingfoot Lighter-than-air Society Bulletin"; the menu and programme of a lighter-than-air reunion dinner, on the back of which are the signatures of all those present, including Lord Brabazon of Tara; and "The Airship." The last is the bulletin of the "Airship Club" and contains details of the last British airship, the "Bourne-mouth," which flew in 1952.

As a result of meeting this airship enthusiast, I visited the home of the author of "The Millionth



A balloon from Cardington is here seen being released to mark the demolition of the balloon sheds at Aldershot, Hampshire

Chance," which is the story of the R101, and I now have three copies of this book—the full British and American editions and a paper-back, all signed by the author.

An unusual sign, and probably the only one of its kind in Britain, is outside the RAF Station, Cardington, which reads: "The Balloon Unit, RAF Cardington." Also there, is a newly opened airship museum.

Michael C. Brunt (16), Bedford.

KNOW YOUR NEWS

BRAKES-OFF BUDGET

By our Special Correspondent

WITH Easter behind them, our MPs will be busy in the next two or three months putting this year's Budget into legal form. The result will be the Finance Act of 1963, which will embody the taxation cuts and other changes outlined by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Reginald Maudling, in his first Budget, presented to the Commons on Wednesday, 3rd April.



Mr. Maudling reading his Budget speech before taking it to the Commons in the famous Budget Box.

When he became Chancellor of the Exchequer last year—he was previously Colonial Secretary—Mr. Maudling found that the nation's money affairs were rather like a train which has been left for a long time in a siding. The machinery had got rather rusty. Before it could get going again, somebody had to oil the wheels and free the brakes.

Easing taxation

Mr. Maudling has turned out to be the "man with the oil-can." He has got things moving by presenting a "brakes-off Budget" which eases taxation by £269,000,000 a year.

The bulk of the income tax reductions has been made by increasing the allowances people can claim for various things. Last year, for example, a father of a family was allowed to earn £100 free of tax for each of his children who were still at school or university—i.e. who weren't earning themselves. This year that allowance has been increased to £115.

There have been various other reliefs too, of course, for businesses as well as private individuals.

Why should easing taxation start things moving again?

In theory the answer is simple: that, if people don't have to pay so much in taxes, they will have more money to spend; and that this will benefit the country in two ways:—

(1) If they spend more than before on household and other goods, more people will have to be employed in producing those goods. This will reduce unemployment, which by the beginning of this year had reached a serious level. (When the Budget was announced, Britain had 700,000 unemployed.)

Stimulating trade

(2) Buying and selling more in our country should stimulate the overseas trade which is so vital to us. We are an overcrowded, industrial nation, and we must export, chiefly manufactured goods, so that we can in turn import things we need—for example, the food which we haven't room to grow.

Not everyone agrees that Mr. Maudling has gone about things the right way. With anything as complicated as the Budget, it would be astonishing if everyone did!

But at least the brakes are off. It remains now to see how the train goes.

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DIVING DEEP FOR WORMS

Divers from Bristol University have been down to the bottom of a Norwegian fjord to collect worms and other creatures. These are food for fish and what the divers found is going to be important in the food-hungry world of the future.

Here, the Secretary of the expedition, Mr. Martin Angel, has specially written, for CN, a short account of what he and his companions did in these cold, northern waters.

GOING down 110 feet to the bottom of a Norwegian Fjord was both exciting and frightening. For the first 50 feet the water was cloudy and full of blue jelly-fish—luckily harmless. Deeper down we sank into cold, clear water where even our foam-rubber diving-suits failed to keep the chill out.

Underwater cliff

It was very dark, but in the dim light we could just make out the bottom below us, and maybe the menacing shape of a monster jelly-fish hovering threateningly in the distance. These *did* sting painfully.

When we reached the sea-bed, we found a huge, underwater cliff which soared 90 feet towards the surface. On the other side the bottom sloped gently down into complete darkness.

First we had to give the "okay"

happen, though, scientists will have to learn a lot more about these creatures.

We had chosen Norway because the fjords would shelter us from all but the very worst storms. However, this shelter also meant that very fine mud, carried down



signal—three pulls on the life-line. Then we moved a crate of sampling tubes across to a line we had laid along the bottom, and began to drive the tubes into the mud with a sledge-hammer.

We were collecting samples of the sand and mud at the bottom of the sea so that our zoologists could study the worms and shellfish which live there—for man may one day feed on the worms and shellfish which live at the bottom. One day the "Fish-farmer" will be growing these animals to feed his stock, in the same sort of way that the farmer of today grows hay for his cattle and sheep. Before this can

by streams and rivers, quickly settled instead of being swept out to sea. Our work on the bottom soon stirred up this mud in great clouds, blinding us. Each man would finish his task by feeling for everything.

The others, in the boat above, who had been looking after the air compressor which pumped the air through a rubber hose pipe to the diver, would begin to pull up. They had to pull slowly and perhaps leave him dangling ten feet below the surface for ten minutes. This was to avoid "the bends," an illness that divers are prone to.



Eastbourne boys at Royal Observatory

Two Eastbourne schoolboys decided to found an astronomical society and now it is a flourishing concern. One of its most memorable days occurred when the members were invited to visit the Royal Observatory at Herstmonceux, a few miles away. The magnificent 15th-century castle and its grounds have been converted for use by the Royal Observatory which moved here from Greenwich after the last world war. Our picture shows members of the Eastbourne Astronomical Society round one of the big telescopes.

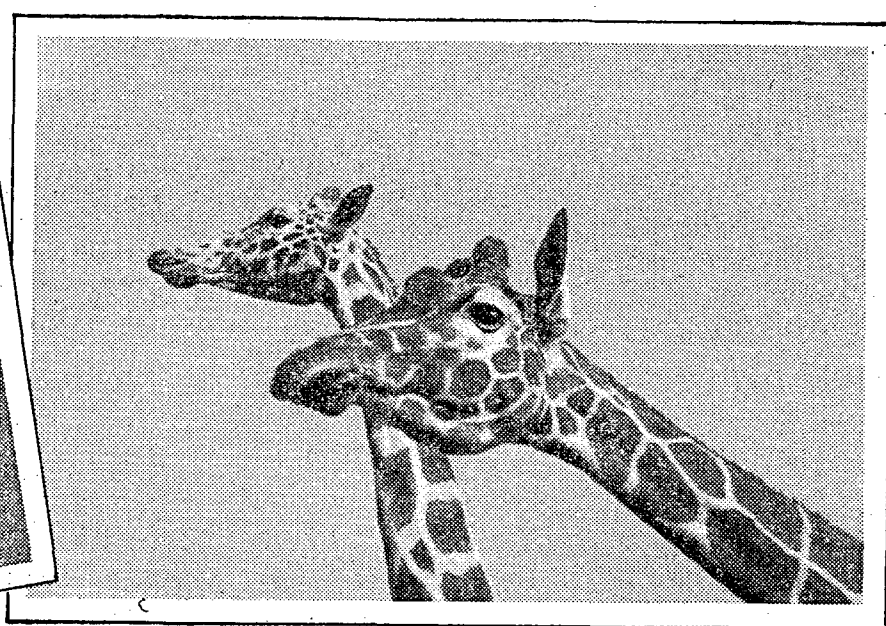
WHAT WOULD ROBIN HOOD HAVE SAID?

A telescopic sight for a bow and arrow—similar to a telescopic rifle sight—has been produced by an American firm.

The foresight is fixed to the bow, and the backsight is worn like eyeglasses by the archer. The

foresight contains cross hairs and a dot of light supplied by a tiny battery. When the archer has got the dot of light in the centre of the cross hairs, he aligns it on the target and releases his arrow.

Cost of the outfit: about £28.



Get a Kodak camera for super pictures like these!

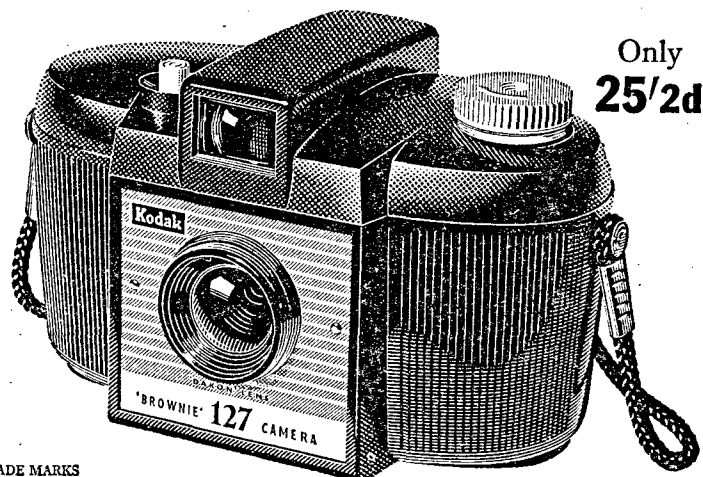
Think of the fun you could have with a Kodak camera! You could take pictures—in colour or black and white—of interesting places you visit, pictures of your pets or animals, or of railway trains or boats, or whatever you are interested in most. Pictures that record the things you do. Fun to take, and fun to look back on!

And for only 25/2 you can buy a modern Kodak camera that is easy to use. (Got a birthday coming? How about a word in someone's ear!)

Kodak

'BROWNIE' 127 Takes eight pictures on Kodak 127 film. Use 'Verichrome' Pan film for black and white, 'Kodacolor' film for colour prints.

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This



Wide



World



NOUVELLES DE FRANCE

Le prix d'une coupe "caniche" pour un chien chez le coiffeur, avenue de Neuilly, est 17 francs. C'est pourquoi les coiffeurs de l'Ouest, à leur meeting à Nantes, ont réclamé une augmentation du tarif minimum de la coiffure pour hommes, qui est de 2 francs 80 centimes.

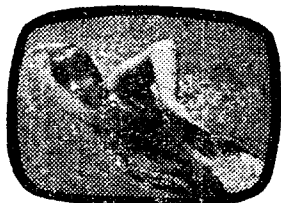
Mais selon la directrice de l'institut de l'avenue de Neuilly: "Une toilette canine exige deux heures de travail, outre le démêlage, le shampooing, et le séchage. Quant aux humains, la coupe à 2 F 80 ne les retient pas plus d'une demi-heure chez leur coiffeur."

A 10s. 6d. book token will be awarded for what the Editor considers to be the best translation of the above received by 24th April. Send to: Nouvelles de France, Children's Newspaper, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. 30th March winner: Ian Dickson, Maidendew, Countess Road, Dunbar.

SCILLY FIND

An ancient Romano-British workshop site has been excavated on Nor-Nour, an uninhabited islet in the Scillies. Among finds were 70 coins, dating between A.D. 69 and 371.

the JUDY GRINHAM in SWIMSUIT Helanca BRI-NYLON



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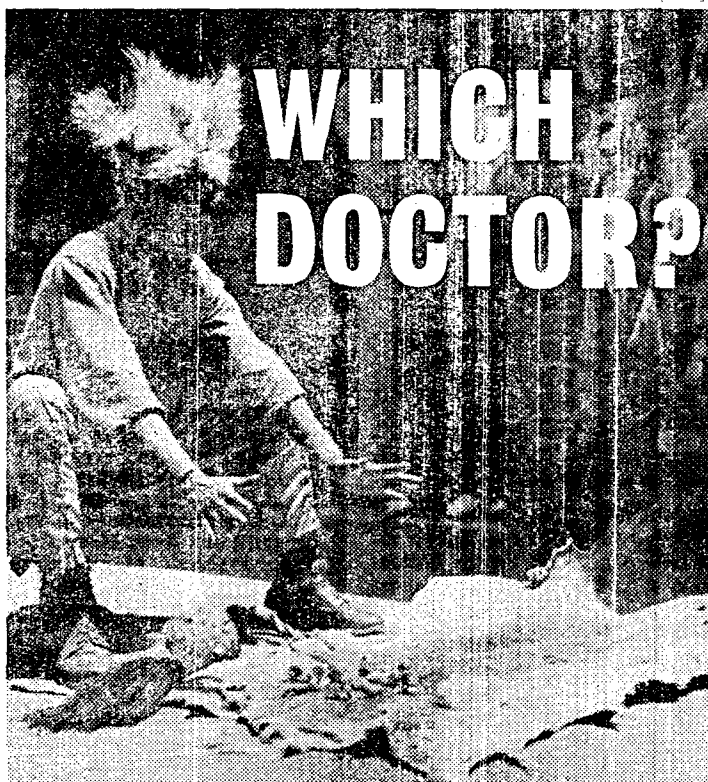
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WHICH DOCTOR?

A CN reader in Durban, South Africa, has sent us this account of the effect witchcraft had on her houseboy.

JOSEPH had been doing housework for us for years and we were all very fond of him. So when he arrived back one day from leave looking ill, we were worried. From being clean and smart and a good worker, it was now a real effort for him to work at all.

"What is wrong, Joseph?" I asked. "Have you a pain in your stomach or your head? Have you got toothache?"

To all these questions the boy shook his head.

"No missus, this is a big thing. I am dying."

"But why are you dying? Tell me at once what is the matter," I said crossly, "then I can get a doctor to make you well."

"No missus, no doctor can cure me. I am dying. I have been bewitched by an enemy and I shall die soon."

Hypnotised victim

"Nonsense," I replied, though I knew what this bewitching could do to the Africans. The victim seems to be hypnotised and will make no attempt to break the spell.

"Joseph," I said sternly, "put on a clean suit. I am going to take you to the witchdoctor in town."

Now the shop the witchdoctor lives in is famous; it is small and one enters rather fearfully. The shop window and the entire wall inside was crammed with mysterious-looking bottles and jars, filled with known and unknown concoctions. There were glass jars filled with worms. There was dried crocodile flesh, while eagles' tongues and snake skins dangled down from the ceiling. The counter was piled high with powders and strips of bark; the floor was covered with sacks of herbs and roots with the odd branch of a tree slung here and there.

I took my turn in the queue, with Joseph by my side, while men and women were given potions for belly ache and back ache. He is so famous that he employs men who do nothing else but chop finely the bark from trees, for "muti," that is, medicine. The witchdoctor knows where every type of tree can be found anywhere in Africa and spares no expense in getting it sent to him when he needs it.

"Please see what is wrong with Joseph," I said. "He says he is bewitched and dying."

I thought the doctor would tell Joseph not to be stupid, but he appeared to take the matter seriously. And we went away laden with bottles and packets of concoctions I was jolly glad I did not have to take.

Joseph became weaker

Day followed day and Joseph became weaker. I did the work, while he sat on the step waiting to die.

I called again at the witchdoctor's shop.

"He cannot fight this thing, lady," they told me. "He must die if the spirits call him."

I felt so angry with them that I stormed into the hospital where I worked and told one of my doctor friends.

"It is nonsense, as you say," he said, "but only to the European. The Africans lose all their will power and it simply does not occur to them to put up a fight."

"Am I to stand by and watch

Joseph die?" I answered, almost in tears.

"I will see what I can do, but mind you, I cannot promise success," the doctor told me quietly.

Later that day I told Joseph that a white doctor, much more powerful than the famous witchdoctor, had come to see him.

Bewitched blood

"I shall need one drop of your blood," the doctor said to the boy. "This I will put into this jar. This is your bewitched blood and I am going to put with it a spirit that is good. It will fight the bad spirit and kill it and then you will be free."

The spot of blood was dropped with great ceremony into a glass phial and some water added.

"Now Joseph," said the doctor, "watch this great fight between your bewitched spirit and my good spirit," and into the water he dropped some white powder.

"Look, Joseph."

The fluid in the phial hissed and spat; it fizzled and sizzled and, when the effervescence had died down, there was no sign of the drop of blood.

Powerful 'muti'

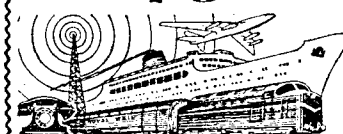
"You are free, Joseph," said my doctor friend. "My work is better than your witchdoctor's. My 'muti' has killed the evil spirit. Now get up and go about your work."

"Hau, hau," said Joseph, as he examined the phial carefully. Then as though a heavy cloud had been lifted from him, he sprang to his feet; he jumped; he laughed.

"Missus, I shall not die now," he shouted as he ran to fetch the electric floor polisher, all signs of weakness gone. "This doctor from your hospital is full of wise things."

"What did you put in the water?" I asked my friend later. He laughed softly. "Just a bit of fizzy health salts," he said.

Briefly . . .



Squirrel Bridge

A special bridge for squirrels has been built at Longview, Washington (USA). This is because so many of them have been killed crossing the road from a park to offices where they are given tit-bits.

Captain Conrad, who has been flying for 36 years, recently made his 20th solo flight across the Pacific. He has crossed the Atlantic 99 times, and has flown eight million miles.

Air drop

In British Columbia 165 lakes have been re-stocked with trout from the air. The two-inch fish were dropped from a height of about 50 feet.

Travelling like a hovercraft on a cushion of air, just above a field of growing corn in Cambridgeshire, three hovertrucks demonstrated how they could spray crops without damaging them.

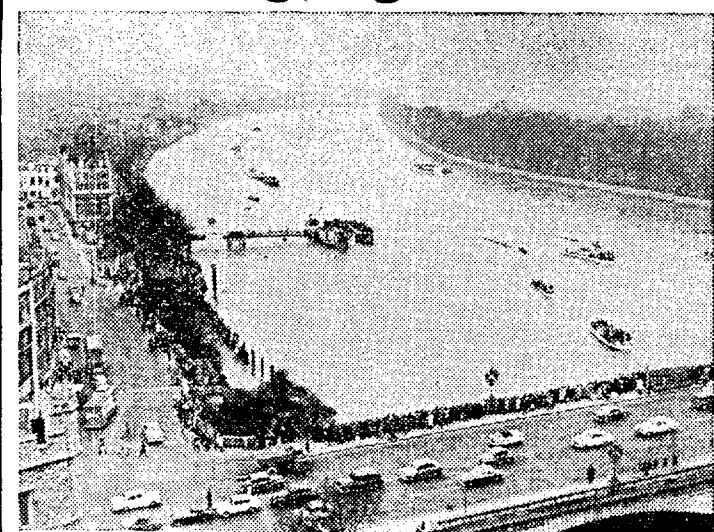
A total of £1,800,000 towards the World Freedom from Hunger Campaign has been promised by the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief.

Up to scratch

Wild elephants in South Africa's Kruger Park seemed to dislike wooden road signs painted black and white. They pulled them up and threw them down.

Now big stone pyramids have been set up with the indications securely bolted to them. The elephants like these—for scratching their backs on!

What's going on here?



What special event are the crowds watching, where did it take place, and when?

Answers on page 11.

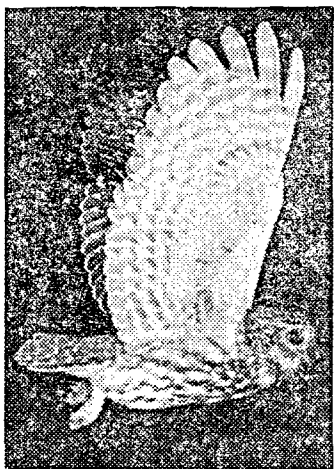
The Children's Newspaper, 20th April, 1963

POISON SPRAY KILLS BIRDS OF PREY

LAST month a most important conference was held. This was at the headquarters of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, in Sandy, Bedfordshire. It discussed British birds of prey which are decreasing rapidly.

Not only were all the main bird-welfare societies represented, but so were the Falconers Club, the Wildfowl Association of Great Britain and Ireland; and, very welcome indeed, the Gamekeepers Association.

Much was heard of the damage done to our birds of prey as the



Little Owl in flight, and (right), a Marsh Harrier with young

Eric Hosking

indirect result of the poisonous sprays and seed dressings now used so widely by farmers, local councils, and others. There is a great deal of evidence that birds eat insects and small mammals affected by the sprays, or seeds which have been dressed with poisonous substances, and die as a result. Birds of prey get the poison at second hand, but it is poison just the same.

At the end of a discussion which lasted over two days, a unanimous



TAKE A LOOK AT NATURE

with
MAXWELL KNIGHT

resolution was passed. Ornithologists, keepers, farmers, and so on, all agreed that there was conclusive evidence of an alarming decrease in numbers of birds of prey over the last six years. It was also agreed that the chief factor concerned is the use of certain kinds of poisonous chemicals on the land.

In addition, the need for further research, better enforcement of the Protection of Birds Act 1954, and more education of the public was urgently necessary.

This news should interest all young bird-watchers and students. Let us hope that our beautiful and useful birds of prey may be saved.



WANTED!

The modern police force wants bright Sixth Formers for its recruits. "Not just height and brawn," said a Yorkshire chief constable.

The kind of boys and girls wanted, he went on, must have a first-class education, a sense of responsibility—and a sense of humour.

He pointed out that the highest posts are open to those who start at the bottom.

"The present Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police," he said, "started as a bobby on the beat."

Italian Bee In India

Indian bees have for the first time accepted an Italian queen. Past attempts to introduce them to improve Indian honey had always failed.

A short time ago Indian worker bees killed nine Italian queens. Then a tenth was put in the hive inside a little wire cage and left there for four days. The workers at last realised that she was the only queen they were likely to get, and they began feeding her through the wire mesh.

Now she has left the cage, has laid eggs, and settled down happily with her "foreign" subjects.



YOU AND YOUR CAMERA

Specially written for CN by
an expert on photography

9. FROM BLACK-AND-WHITE TO COLOUR

HAVE you tried taking pictures in colour? It is not difficult but, of course, it is a little more expensive than black-and-white. The chances are that once you have taken a roll of sparkling transparencies, or produced a series of colour prints, you will become a firm colour addict.

The first thing to do is to decide whether you intend to screen your pictures by means of a projector, or to fill your album with colour prints. Different types of film are required for these two different sorts of process.

If you want transparencies, you should ask for "reversal" film. If you want prints ask for "negative" film. It is possible to

This month's winning picture comes from R. Brooks, 4 Oversley Road, Doncaster. Comment: This fine black-and-white subject would look even better in colour



We hope to publish one reader's picture each month—and we'll pay a guinea for the privilege.

We cannot accept responsibility for loss or damage to prints, though we will make every effort to take care of them—and will return them, if you'll enclose a stamped and addressed envelope. Send your prints to: **YOU AND YOUR CAMERA**, Children's Newspaper, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

get transparencies from negative film, and vice versa, but it is more costly.

Remember that, while black-and-white film can be enlarged and chopped about in the processing stages, your colour pictures will be returned to you containing exactly what you saw through the viewfinder. The wise photographer will therefore make sure that he chooses his angle and position very carefully in order that unwanted details do not intrude.

Be choosy

Here's a second tip. Be choosy about how much colour you include in your pictures. The tendency is to cram in too much. It is far better to concentrate on getting one splash of colour in your picture—a colour that will dominate the scene. If, for instance, you decide to take some pictures of flowers in the local park, or in your garden, concentrate your camera's attention on one or two blooms, rather than on squeezing the whole border in.

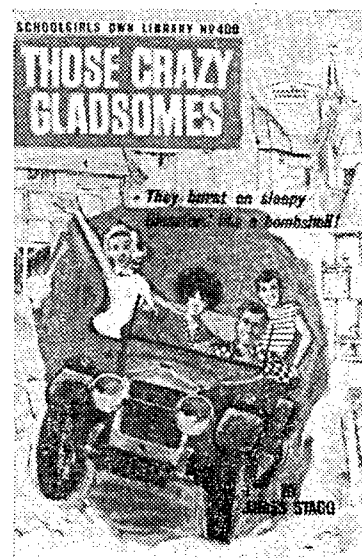
Colour film requires exposures to be "spot on." Mistakes cannot be corrected afterwards. So, therefore, many photographers prefer to use an exposure meter for every colour picture they take. If you haven't invested in one of these light-measuring instruments, follow very closely the instructions enclosed with every packet of film. They will tell you what exposures to give under various conditions of light.

Incidentally, don't be too disappointed if your pictures taken under poor conditions do not have the sparkle of sunny shots. Your colour film will reproduce colour just as it appears at the time.

Remember that grand serial "Clarion Call"? The same author, James Stagg, has now written a new story for **SCHOOLGIRLS OWN LIBRARY**. Don't miss it! It's gay... exciting... and on sale now!

* Look for this cover

You'll love this mad, happy family who cause a sensation when they come to stay in that backwater of a town called Blessford.



"THOSE CRAZY GLADSOMES" SCHOOLGIRLS OWN LIBRARY No. 400

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How We Run Our Country

COUNCILLORS AND ALDERMEN



The Mayor and Town Clerk of Northampton. The picture also shows the Mace which is the Mayor's symbol of office.

In the last two weeks we have mentioned the different types of councils. Now let's take a look at the people who sit on these councils.

They are men and women elected by the ratepayers and are called **councillors**. They can stay on the council for three years, when they must either retire or seek re-election. They are not paid but can claim the refund of certain expenses, such as fares to and from meetings, and loss of earnings resulting from their duties.

This provision has enabled many members to take a more active part in the affairs of the Council on which they serve, since not all the business of some councils can be done in the evenings after working hours.

Parish Councils, Urban District Councils and Rural Districts have only these elected councillors and each year they choose one person of their number to be chairman.

But all the other councils—County, County Borough and Borough Councils—have **aldermen** as well as councillors.

For every three councillors there is one alderman (except in London where the proportion is six to one). The aldermen are usually elected by the councillors and hold office for six years. Aldermen are usually, though not

invariably, elected from among the more experienced councillors, although it is fairly common for aldermen to be chosen from people who are not even councillors. As with councillors, aldermen are not paid for being on the council.

Generally speaking, appointment as alderman is regarded as a sort of reward for long service as a councillor. The term "alderman" is partly derived from an old English word meaning "older man."

The County Councils have a **chairman** elected by the councillors and aldermen together for one year. In the Borough Councils and the County Borough Councils, this chairman is called a **mayor**. In the City of London and in certain important boroughs, he is called a **Lord Mayor**.



The Deputy Lord Mayor, the Lord Mayor, and the Town Clerk of Stoke-on-Trent, glance at the agenda before a Council meeting.

**NEXT WEEK:
HOW COUNCILLORS
ARE ELECTED**

NEWS IN PICTURES



HOME MADE EGGS

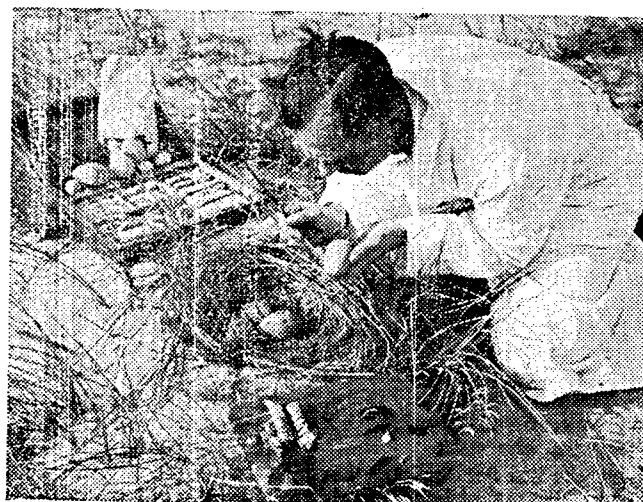
Above: Johannes Paulsen with part of his collection of home-made eggs. Below: Paulsen always takes careful measurements.



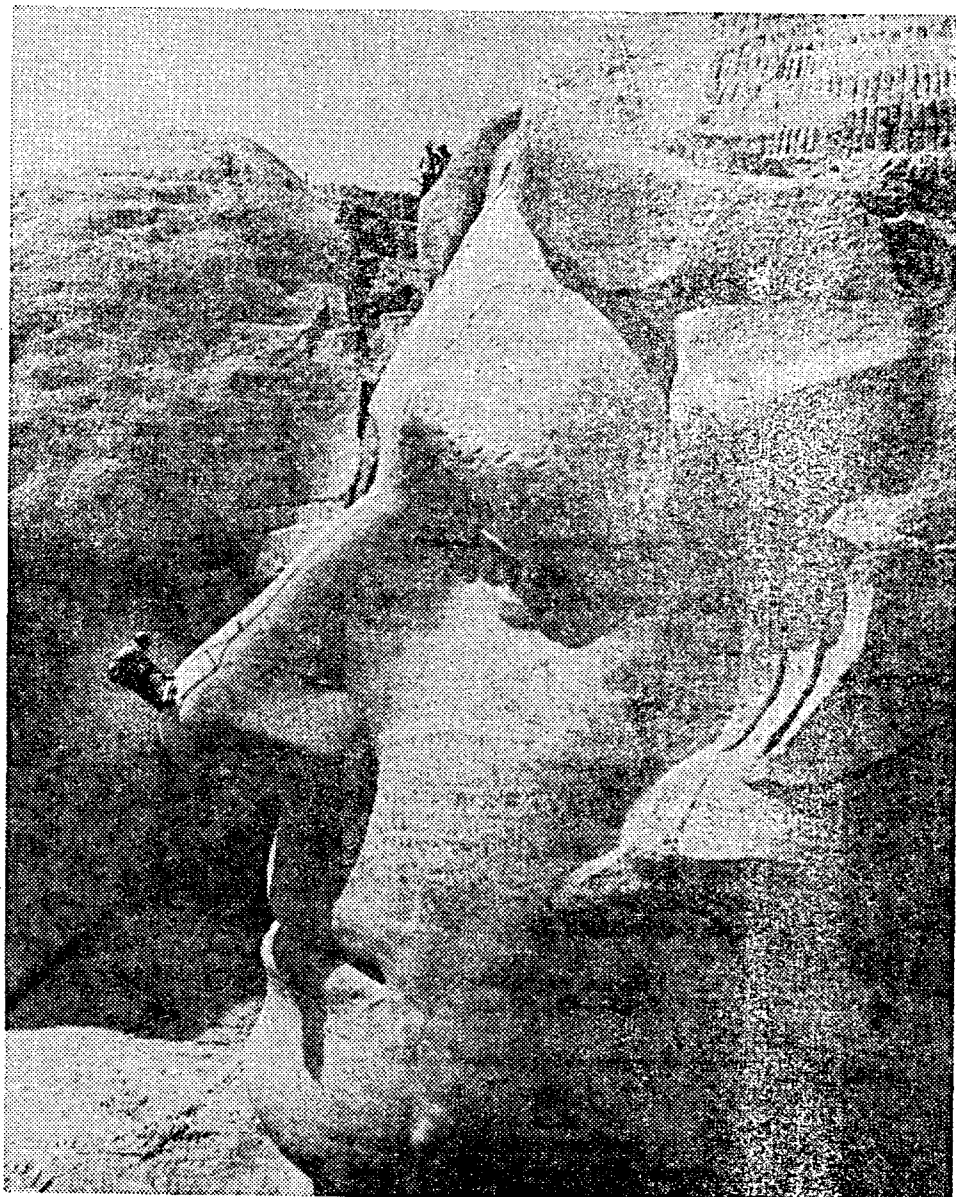
ON the holiday island of Sylt, German North Sea Coast, wonderful Johannes Paulsen collects 4,000 eggs, representing 300 different species of European birds.

As Paulsen had no wish to rob or destroy life, he has overcome this by making and painting wooden eggs. To ensure accuracy, he paints his eggs on the site of the nests, which he is careful not to disturb in any way.

Bottom left: Painting-in the decorative colours of a gull's egg. Below: A post on the island of Sylt, pointing to the museum which houses the collection.



N PANORAMA

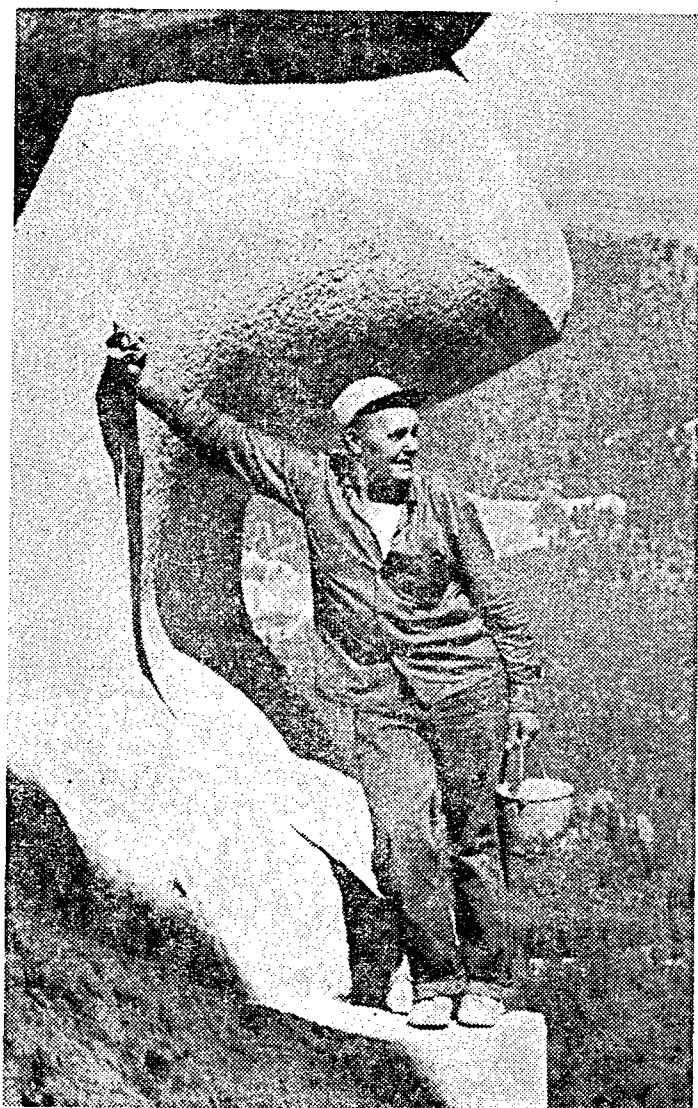


OPERATION FACE-LIFT

EVERY spring in the Black Hills of Southern Dakota, U S A, four men do a week-long job on four granite-faced images who gaze sternly down on the world from a height of 6,000 feet. The place is Mount Rushmore, and the images are the sculptured faces of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, and Theodore Roosevelt, four former Presidents of the United States.

The men who do this annual cleaning and repair job have to carry up on their backs between 500 and 600 pounds of equipment. One wrong step could send them plunging to their deaths.

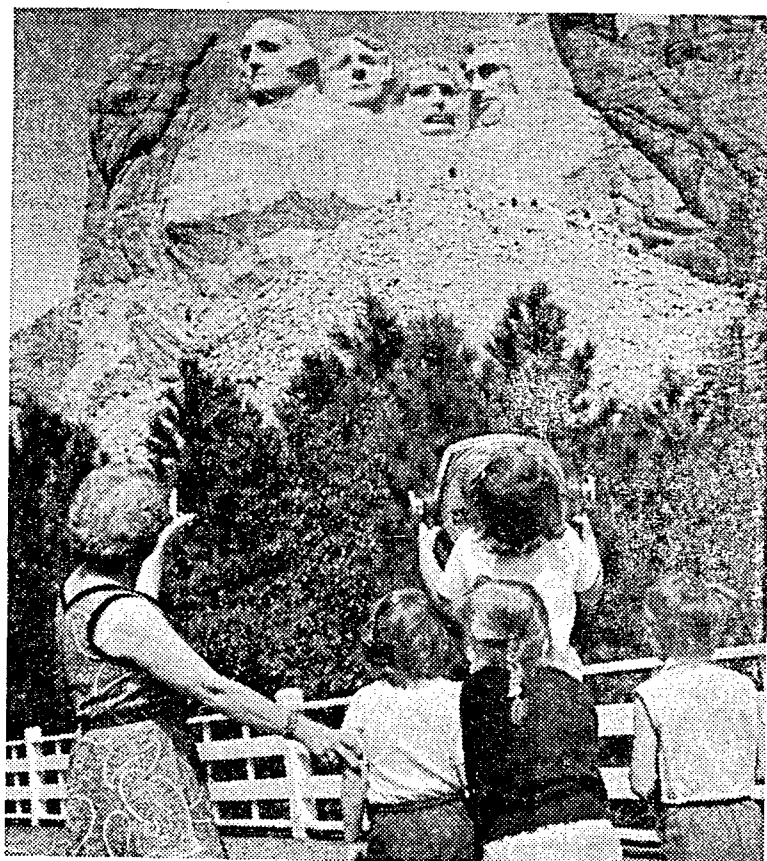
The Mount Rushmore group is one of the largest pieces of sculpture ever undertaken. It was started in 1927, but lack of funds and unfavourable weather conditions prevented this massive piece of work being completed until 1941.



Above :
Thomas
Jefferson's
nose gets
attention.

Left :
Sightseers
gaze in awe
at the
white, stone
heads carved
in the rock
above them.

Right :
A moment's
rest—under
a lower lip.



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Go on open it!



Happy!

... let's get at our favourite sparkliest drink. Mum likes to see us enjoying our TIZER. Says it gives us an appetite, but we like it 'cos it's nice. Mum likes it, too. Hope she remembers to get some more ...

Tizer

THE APPETIZER

Bride—or bridesmaid —it's an exciting occasion !



Jonquil
Antony's
Column

WHAT excitement there's going to be when the pictures of Princess Alexandra's wedding dress come out! Perhaps the most romantic one we've had in the last ten years was Princess Grace's dress, when she married Prince Rainier. She was Grace Kelly, the film star, so she had an eye for design and effect. Into *her* gown—all in ivory white—went 25 yards of *peu de soie*, 25 yards of silk taffeta, 100 yards of silk net, and 300 yards of Val lace!

SMALL bridesmaids don't want too big a bouquet to carry. Little "gypsy" baskets, filled with flowers, are more suitable, as they're so easy to hold. But at a wedding I went to recently they had an idea I'd never seen before.

All the little bridesmaids wore "daisy chains" made of tiny pink rosebuds and blue forget-me-nots. They wore them on their wrists like bracelets, and in chaplets round their heads—and very charming and unusual they looked, too.



THIS month's most thrilling event is, of course, Princess Alexandra's wedding, next Wednesday. April's an unusual month for a royal bride to choose—cold, grey, draughty November is the most popular one!

The Queen, Princess Alexandra's mother Princess Marina, and the Duchess of Gloucester all chose November. Princess Margaret, however, was a spring bride; she chose May.

Princess Alexandra and her fiancé, Mr. Angus Ogilvy.



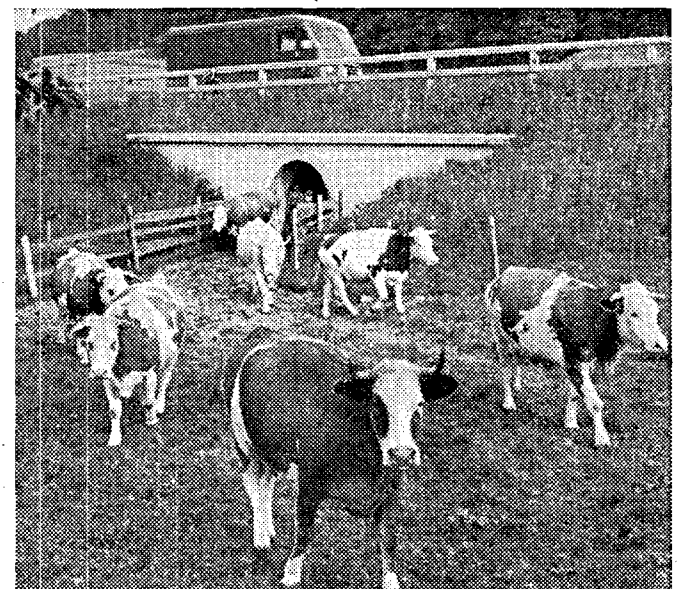
LOTS of you have been bridesmaids, I expect—and how exciting it is to be chosen, too! A bride can have as many bridesmaids as she likes, and their job is to look after the bride and help her all the time. Bridesmaids never kneel down during the ceremony and the chief bridesmaid holds the bride's gloves and bouquet during it.

Another romantic thing about being a bridesmaid is that it is customary for the bridegroom to give you a special gift. Often it's jewellery, a necklace, brooch or bracelet, which will always remind you of the lovely and happy day.

SOMEBODY in the family going to be married? If your sister wants to wear your mother's wedding veil, or even your grandmother's, it's most likely been lying in a trunk for years, and it'll be limp and even a little bit grubby by now. To make it crisp again and dazzling white, soak it in lukewarm soapy water for two hours, then gently wash and rinse it. Make up a strong solution of "Dip" Cotton Crisper (one part Dip to 20 parts of water) and soak the veil in it for three minutes. You'll find it looks as fresh again as the day it was first worn.

HERE IS A COW- WAY !

Instead of having to be driven across a busy road, these cows on a farm in Bavaria make their way to pastureland by passing through a specially-built tunnel.



The Children's Newspaper, 20th April, 1963

LEAVE IT TO JENNINGS!

Jennings loses faith in the predictions of a "gypsy" fortune teller when he finds she is really a local shop-keeper. He and Darbishire have been unjustly accused by Mr. Wilkins of adding tap-water to the rain gauge and the boys set a trap to discover the identity of the culprit...

14. Jennings solves a mystery

BY the time they reached the school gates, Darbishire was growing tired of his friend's air of martyred gloom. It would be better, he felt, to turn their attention to more rewarding activities.

There was no-one about on the cricket field as they passed by. The practice games had just finished and the sprinkler had been set to work again in the out-field beyond the First XI cricket square.

The deserted playing field gave Darbishire renewed hope. If the headmaster's garden was also unoccupied, it would give them the chance they had been seeking to spread a circle of green poster paint round the rain gauge.

Jennings cheered up considerably at Darbishire's suggestion.

"Coo, yes. You go and get the paint while I have a squint through the hedge," he commanded. "If all goes well, we'll have the criminal unmasked by bedtime."

Darbishire sped indoors on his errand and returned a few minutes later with the jar of green poster paint in his pocket. Jennings was waiting for him by the garden gate with the news that no-one was about and that they could go ahead with their plan without fear of being detected. So they slipped through the gate and, taking cover from the hedge, made their stealthy way to the rain gauge at the far end of the lawn.

THEN Darbishire removed the cork from the bottle and, like a sorcerer performing some magic rite, described a circle round the rain gauge, sprinkling the green powder behind him.

He was just getting back to his starting point when Jennings, standing a few yards away from the hedge, exclaimed in surprise: "Hey, that's funny! ... That's very funny indeed."

Darbishire looked up from his magic-rites. "What?"

"I felt a spot of rain then; on the back of my neck."

"You're bonkers," Darbishire pointed to the cloudless sky. "Look up there! The sun's shining like anything."

"I can't help that. I tell you, I—hey, I just felt another one ... And another—on the back of my hand, that time." Jennings's eyes were saucers of bewilderment. "It is raining, Darbi. I can feel it!"

Darbishire was sceptical. "Not over here, it isn't," he pointed out. "Not where I'm standing."

At that moment a faint plop sounded on the metal rim of the rain gauge. Darbishire swung round and stared in puzzled wonder; for, even as he watched, the rim became darkened by a spatter of fine spray.

"Wow! Fossilised fish-hooks!" he gasped. "You're right, Jen! It is raining—in the Head's garden and nowhere else!" He held out his hand, but could feel no raindrops where he was standing. "This is crazy! How can it be raining on you and not on me? It must be a terribly local shower."

by Anthony
Buckeridge

BUT Jennings wasn't listening. A possible answer had occurred to him, and he was scrambling up into the branches of an apple tree from which he could obtain a view over the hedge to the cricket field beyond.

A few seconds later, heedless of caution, he uttered a wild whoop of triumph.

"I've solved it, Darbi! I've solved it," he shouted to his friend below. "I've discovered the secret of the great rainfall mystery! It's the sprinkler on the cricket field!"

As he watched, the long rotating arms of the sprinkler were sending a shower of fine spray over the grass on the far side of the hedge. Most

Just then Matron
appeared round the
bend of the corridor

of it fell short of the headmaster's garden, but every now and again a few spots would be thrown over the hedge. Some of the drops, scattering farther than the rest, were landing on the rim of the rain gauge.

This could only happen when the sprinkler was working at its nearest point to the headmaster's garden, and its frequent removal from place to place on the cricket field would explain the erratic rainfall readings which had been the cause of so much trouble.

At the base of the tree Darbishire was hopping from foot to foot in excitement.

"Hooray! Ye famous mystery now revealed!" he crowed. Another few drops fell on to the canister. "Slap bang wallop on the target! Queue up here for best-quality tap-water rainfall, free of charge." He, too, had forgotten that their mission was supposed to be secret; but this was not the time to bother about being out of bounds, for, by disregarding this trivial detail, it was possible to establish their innocence on a far more serious matter.

Mr. Wilkins must be informed at once, Jennings decided. With this in mind, he was about to climb down from the apple tree when, glancing round, he happened to see the master in question approaching the cricket field from the quad...

WHAT is more, Mr. Wilkins had seen Jennings, too! His complexion turned a shade pinker at the sight of a boy, whom he could not identify at such a distance, flaunting school rules by scaling an apple tree in the headmaster's garden.

He turned and hurried towards the spot, at the same time booming out protests at the top of his powerful voice.



"Bah! Of all the impertinent ... Who's that boy up there? ... Come down at once! I never heard such a ..."

"Jennings! What are you doing up that tree?" Mr. Wilkins demanded as he approached.

"Looking over the hedge, sir," came the logical reply.

"I can see that, you silly little boy! You're out of bounds, d'you hear me? Come down this instant!"

"But, sir, you must listen," Jennings begged him. "Sensational news, sir! I've solved the riddle of the rainfall. It's the sprinkler spraying water over the hedge, sir!"

Mr. Wilkins was so surprised that he did listen; and, having observed the sprinkler in action, he went to the gate and came bustling into the garden to test Jennings's theory at first-hand.

TO reach the rain gauge he had to walk through Darbishire's circle of poster paint, which he did without noticing anything amiss. Darbishire was delighted, for it meant that his scheme really

would have worked if it had been put to the test; and in proof of this Mr. Wilkins, of all people, was a marked man and would remain so until he changed his shoes.

Satisfied with his inspection, Mr. Wilkins walked back through the circle and rejoined the boys on the dry side of the circumference.

"You're quite right, Jennings," he said. "Most extraordinary. Who ever would have thought a thing like that would have happened?"

"It's a good job we discovered it, isn't it, sir?" Jennings said. "It proves it wasn't Darbishire and me putting water in it, as you said."

"Yes, of course. Sorry about that. Afraid I jumped to the wrong conclusion," Mr. Wilkins apologised. He frowned and shook his head. "We can easily move the gauge, of course, but it still means that all our rainfall figures to date are completely useless. Pity, really! It's just the sort of information we so badly need for the project."

In the distance they heard a bell ringing. It was time to get ready for tea. Mr. Wilkins led the way out of the garden and the two

would surely be welcomed back to help Mr. Wilkins's project, and would be allowed to go on the expedition with the rest of their form.

AT that moment Mr. Wilkins appeared at the door of the washroom.

"Come along now, you boys—everyone ready for tea!" he boomed pleasantly.

He seemed to be in an excellent mood, so Jennings trotted up to him and said: "Please, sir, it's all right about Darbishire and me being back in the project, isn't it, sir? I mean, we can go on the expedition next week, can't we?"

"Yes, of course—now we've got that other business straightened out," Mr. Wilkins agreed.

"Coo, thank you, sir! That's ever so decent of you. Actually we thought someone must have been playing a trick on us, so we set a trap for them," Jennings went on. "And do you know what we did? We got a jar of ..."

He stopped as Darbishire jabbed him in the back in sudden warning. Jennings glanced round in surprise and noticed that his friend was looking down the corridor.

Stretching away into the distance from the spot on which the master was standing was a trail of large green footprints!

Just then Matron appeared round the bend of the corridor. They heard her gasp in dismay at the trail of devastation on the polished floor and saw her reproachful glance as she identified the culprit.

"Well, really, Mr. Wilkins!" she exclaimed. "I do think you might be more careful. You know how particular you are about the boys wiping their shoes before they come indoors."

PUZZLED, Mr. Wilkins turned, and for the first time became aware of the size-ten footprints in his wake.

"Good heavens! Did I do that?" he gasped.

"Obviously. They're too big to have been made by the boys," Matron shook her head sadly. "I don't know how we're going to get the paint off the woodwork. It really is too bad of you."

"Yes, but—Mr. Wilkins looked down at his feet in bewilderment. He took a few steps along the trail of devastation. "I'm terribly sorry, Matron," he apologised. "I can't think how it can have happened."

"Yes, I dare say, Mr. Wilkins, but the damage is done now," Matron's tone was curt. "The cleaners will grumble for days when I ask them to try to get it off."

"But the whole thing is so uncanny! I've just come straight in from the headmaster's garden. I assure you I haven't been anywhere where I could possibly ..."

Jennings and Darbishire exchanged glances and crept silently away in the opposite direction. Behind them they could hear Mr. Wilkins's apologies and Matron's protests echoing along the corridor.

"COME on, let's get out of the way," Jennings said as they headed for the back stairs. "It isn't polite to hang around listening when grown-ups start arguing with each other."

To be concluded

The full text of LEAVE IT TO JENNINGS! of which this serial forms part, will be published in the autumn by William Collins & Sons Ltd.

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2. If a stamp is "Imperforated" (i.e. without perforations), is it a fake?
3. Which British Colony (in South America) issued the world's rarest stamp?
4. Many used stamps from Communist countries, etc., have original gum on their backs. Are such "cancelled-to-order" stamps genuine?
5. Which country has SVERIGE on its stamps?
6. Does GREENLAND issue stamps?
7. Did the Head of King Edward VIII (the "Uncrowned King", now Duke of Windsor) ever appear on British Stamps?



8. Which country has MAGYAR POSTA on its stamps?
9. A very lightly postmarked stamp is called "Superb" or "Fine" used. Are these worth more than heavily postmarked specimens?
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Top-Price Rarities

GULLS IN THE PICTURE

Needing a few seagulls flying around for a Thames-side scene in the film *The World Ten Times Over*, actors threw up some stale bread. In a very short time they were surrounded by hundreds of hungry gulls and were completely hidden from the camera.

Assistants had to burst paper bags to scare away some of the unwanted "extras."

Pets depot

Mrs. Winifred Pass, of Croft Farm, in the Hampshire village of Calmore, finds homes for unwanted pets. So far this year she has dealt with 73 cats and dogs, and last year her total was over 300.

Mrs. Pass's animals and birds include rabbits, hamsters, a kestrel, and ducks. An old resident is Pollyann, a parrot aged 80. Brought in nine years ago to be destroyed, Pollyann is still going strong.

ONE of the rarest stamps in the world has recently been sold by Messrs. Harmer Rooke, Ltd., the London auctioneers. It is the red one penny stamp pictured here and it was issued in the island of Mauritius in 1847. Now it has been bought by a wealthy Japanese collector for the record sum of £8,500.

The story of this great rarity begins in 1846, when the government of Mauritius, the British colony in the Indian Ocean, first decided to issue postage stamps.

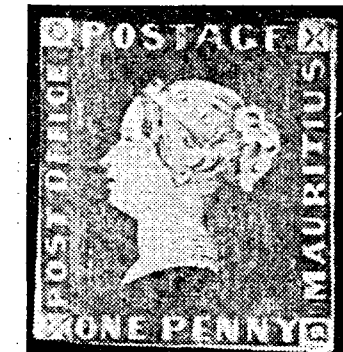
A local watchmaker, Joseph Barnard, was asked to engrave the designs, which he copied from Britain's Penny Black stamp of 1840, adding at the sides the words "Post Office—Mauritius."

Barnard was not an expert, and the engraving and printing took him several months. By September, 1847, two stamps—the penny red and the twopenny blue—were ready.

Fancy dress ball

Lady Gomm, wife of the Governor of Mauritius, was holding a fancy dress ball at Government House and many of the new stamps were used on invitations. Others went on letters to France, where many islanders had friends or relatives; for Mauritius had once been a French colony.

About a thousand "Post Office" stamps were printed, but they were all used in a few weeks. They



were replaced some months later by stamps in a new design with the inscription "Post Paid."

For a long time the Mauritius "Post Office" stamps were forgotten and early stamp collectors did not even know of their existence. Then, in 1864, a French lady discovered about a dozen of them on old letters addressed to her husband's firm. Since then 30 have come to light. Only two of the penny stamps are in mint condition and the one just sold is the better specimen of the two.

ALMOST as high a price was realised at another auction in London, when the strip of three Brazilian stamps pictured below was sold for £8,250. The stamps are even older than the "Post Office" Mauritius, having been issued in Brazil in 1843.



The stamps were unusual because the three different values were printed on the same sheet. The strip seen here is the only one known which consists of two 30-reis stamps and one 60-reis.

Not all rarities are as old as these stamps of Mauritius and Brazil. Pictured (left) is a strip of stamps issued in New Zealand less than a year ago. They are rare because, owing to a printer's error, the top three stamps have not been perforated.

Only one sheet with this error has been discovered and each of the six strips in it is valued at about £600. Four of the strips will soon be on sale in the London auction-rooms which sold the Mauritius stamp. C. W. HILL



BIG BEN BEATS CLIMBERS

Three Australian explorers nearly lost their lives in a gallant attempt to climb the volcanic peak Big Ben (9,000 feet) on desolate Heard Island in the Southern Ocean.

It took them two weeks in atrocious weather to reach a small plateau where Big Ben's grim summit was only 1,500 feet above them. Then they were caught in a fierce blizzard, and their tent rapidly became an ice cave as snow piled up on it and froze.

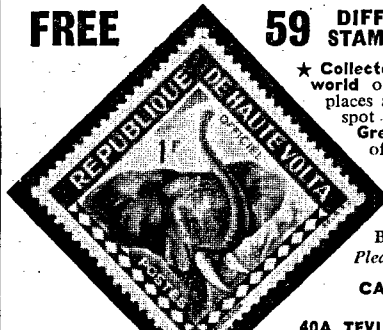
For four days they battled to keep the opening free. At times their clothing was frozen stiff. They had no fuel left for their portable stove and their food was running low.

When the blizzard stopped, all three were in a bad way. But they had to face the hazardous descent of the mountain, and then a three-day trek across glaciers to the coast. Suffering severely from frostbite, they limped at last into their expedition's base.

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DIANA KING (C.N.29)
18a CHURCH STREET,
WALTON-ON-THAMES, SURREY



I HOPE you remembered to clean out your bait tins when I mentioned it a few weeks ago. If you haven't, they will smell awful now!

There are still lots of other jobs to be carried out before the new season opens. For one thing, if you have collected a few bird's feathers during your walks, here is a chance to make some excellent floats—the kind you can use for most average-size fish.

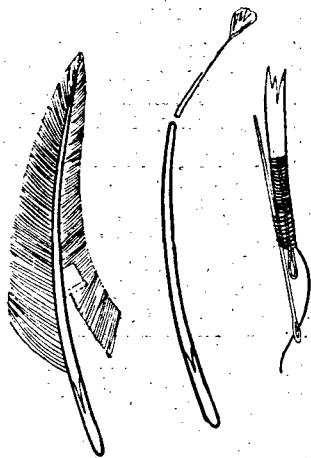
First of all, strip off the feathers, taking care not to damage the quill—if damaged it will not be waterproof. Cut a few inches

**Specially written for CN
by Harvey Torbett**

off the thinner part of the quill and then whip on a loop of light wire, as shown in the illustration. Remember the whipping I showed you for rod rings (issue dated 6th April)? Well, you can use this same method for fastening the wire loop to your quill.

When you have finished, dab some waterproof glue—which you can buy from your tackle shop—over the whipping.

Now you need a band for attaching the line to the top of your float. One of the best and



The quill, stripped of its feathers, is fitted with a wire loop (right).

cheapest ways is to use cycle valve rubber. A piece about an eighth-of-an-inch wide would be ideal.

To finish off your float, you'll need a spot of paint for the top. This makes it easily visible against the water.

Rod repairs

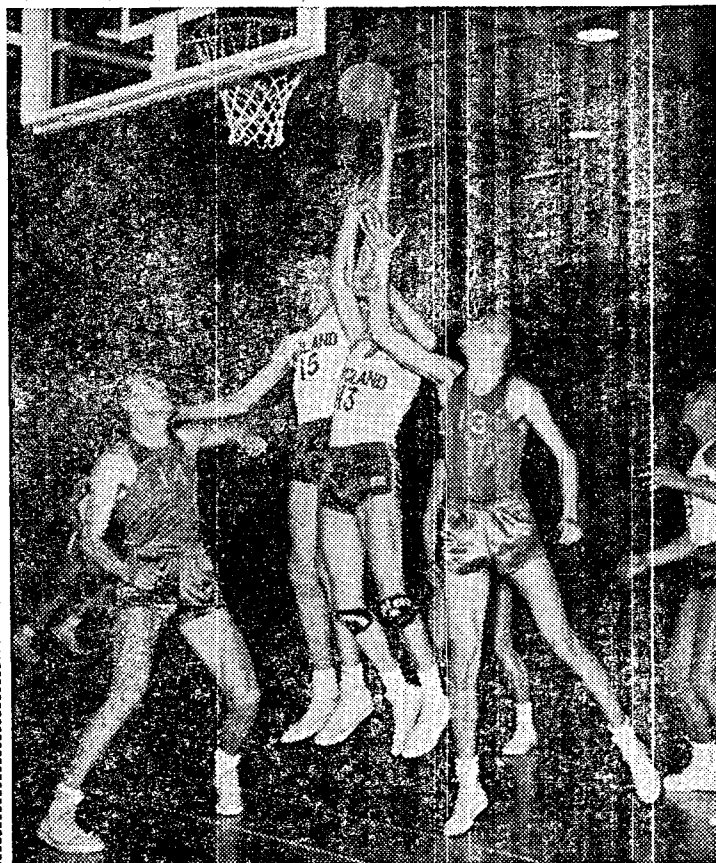
By now you have probably finished all your rod ring repairs, and you should examine the rod itself carefully to find any places where the varnish is cracked or peeling off. Smooth these down with fine sandpaper and apply varnish over them, but don't use a brush—a finger makes a much better job of working the varnish in. Have a rag handy, though, as it's messy work.

Put the rod out of harm's way until the varnish is dry. When it is, wipe it over with a damp cloth to dull the shine of the varnish. A shiny rod looks nice, but it often flashes in the sun and scares the fish away!

NEXT WEEK: Floats for heavier water.

REACHING THE HEIGHTS IN BASKETBALL SPORT

THE final of the English Amateur Basketball Association takes place at London's Royal Albert Hall on Saturday; the teams are the London Central YMCA and London University.



Terry Edwards (15) gets his hand to the ball during an international match.

An outstanding personality in this match is Tibor Cselko, player-coach of the YMCA team. He is a Hungarian basketball international and stands 6 feet 6 inches. Incidentally, his wife is also a Hungarian basketball international—but she is a mere 6 feet 1 inch!

Height is obviously an advantage in basketball. The England team can boast a giant of 6 feet 9 inches—Terry Edwards of Watford, seen in the picture during an exciting moment in an international match.

BASKETBALL IN BRAZIL

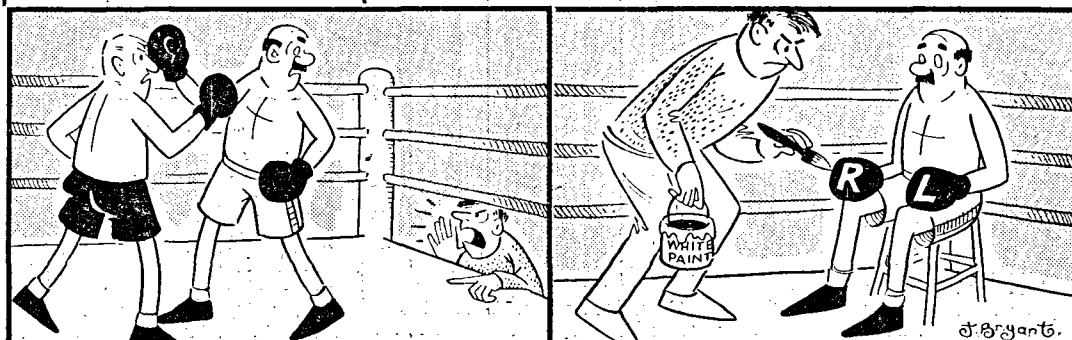
THE World Basketball Championships are to be held in Brazil next month. Thirteen teams, among them Canada, Mexico, the USSR, and Yugoslavia, will take part.

Originally they were to have met in the Philippines. But the Filipino government would not grant travel visas to the Yugoslav team, so the championships were switched to Brazil.

Yachting-cricket

The famous Cowes Week is to have an added attraction this summer—a county cricket match between Hampshire and Surrey.

ALL-ROUND ALFIE



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Gymnasts in Paris

THE European women's gymnastics championships are being held in Paris on Saturday and Sunday. Competitors from 20 countries will take part.



British gymnastics champion—Monica Rutherford, with the trophy she won for the third year in succession

The present European champion is Larissa Latynina of Russia. She is also World champion; and she has won seven gold medals in Olympic Games, too. Small wonder that Larissa was Russia's Sportsman of 1962!

She is almost certain to retain her title. The only serious challengers are another Russian and a Czech.

Russia dominates the gymnastics world, and there can be little hope for other competitors.

The Saturday Men

IF there is anyone who thinks that being a professional soccer star is a glamorous profession with no problems attached to it beyond the need for playing football with skill, they should see a new half-hour documentary film, *The Saturday Men*, which takes a hard look at the game.

Although a large part of the film concentrates on the training of the Midlands First Division side, West Bromwich Albion, it also finds time to allow us to meet the players and to learn something of their hopes and fears. Although they all obviously enjoy their life as professional footballers, every one of them is constantly asking himself two vital questions: Can I hold my place in the team? What new career can I take up when I have to retire from football?



Don Howe

The Saturday Men does exactly what it sets out to do. It shows that professional football is an exciting game, both for the spectator and the player. But it also shows that football is a tough business, and that a player may have little to show for it all when he retires.

One of the commentators is Don Howe, the Albion's English international right-back. A.V.

60 years of a Cup

THE final of the Arthur Dunn Cup is due to be played on Saturday, when the Old Malvernians meet the Old Reptonians on the Bank of England's ground at Roehampton.

This cup is competed for by Old Boys of 16 Public Schools—and this is its diamond jubilee year. This soccer competition was founded in 1903 and the cup was named after Arthur Dunn, a great amateur who played for England both at centre-forward and right-back.

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MR. THERM WINNERS

A £2 2s. Book Token has been sent to each of these three winners of Mr. Therm's Bicycle Competition No. 15: Elaine Banyard, Stamford, Lincs; Pamela Harris, Mapperley, Nottingham; and Thomas Wilson, Higher Walton, Preston, Lancs.

SOLUTION: Apples, fruits, maggot, insect.